

Person As The God Of Cats

*It was the Prince of Cats
looked through the slats
at me in my sun bath.
The ferns were tall
red flowers fell
on the hot, hot heaven ground.*

*He stared and scratched around
and could have come
where I lay lapping sun
but sat in dirt
and shade, and pawed
the flimsy wide-set slats.*

*Squeeze over, Cat!
and talk to me.
I'll stroke you in the sun,
then you can run
home to your female cat
deep back behind those slats.*

-- Joan White

*A serviceman's letter to a girl
you know the funniest thing
just happened
i just went to the bathroom and there were hundreds of
naked men right there in my bathroom
i certainly hope you don't have that kind of trouble with
the plumbing.*

-- Thomas W. Kell

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